

CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

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CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 2,784.

OWEN & MOORE

No. 47 Franklin Street,

Call your Attention to

Their Large Stock

—OF—

Drugs, Patent Medicines,

Paints, Oils, Window Glass, &c.

To Country Merchants and Country Physicians we propose to wholesale all goods in our line as cheap as they can be bought any where. We solicit the

RETAIL AND PRESCRIPTION TRADE

knowing that our facilities are not surpassed by any one for giving entire satisfaction. And we do not forget to return thanks to our many friends for past favors.

OWEN & MOORE.

CALL ON

LOCKERT & REYNOLDS.

WHEN IN NEED OF

DRUGS,

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BOOKS or

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Large line of SCHOOL BOOKS and
SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE.

COAL. COAL.

We are now receiving full supplies of

Pittsburg,
St Bernard and Diamond,
Main Mountain Jellico,
Anthracite [Lehigh Valley, Chestnut Size]

which we can deliver during September at Summer prices. We will be pleased to receive your orders.

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A Share of your Business Respectfully Solicited.

JNO. W. FAXON,
With 20 years experience as an Underwriter.

FRANK T. HODGSON.

JOHN W. FAXON & CO.,
General Insurance Agents,
Clarksville, Tenn.

We represent a line of the strongest FOREIGN, AMERICAN AND HOME COMPANIES, and write insurance at the lowest rates the hazard will justify.

LIST OF COMPANIES.

American, of Philadelphia.
Fire Ass'n, of Philadelphia.
Hartford, of Hartford.
Phoenix, of Hartford.
Connecticut, of Hartford.
German American, of N. Y.
Underwriters Agency, N. Y.

Business entrusted to us shall receive prompt and careful attention.

We make a specialty of insuring Farm Property, Dwellings, Household Furniture, Libraries, Church Property and Tobacco in Warehouses, Steamships and Fishing Boats.

Large lines of Insurance will receive prompt and close attention.

A share of your Business Respectfully Solicited.

JNO. W. FAXON & CO.

A CHAPTER OF HORRORS.

Shooting and Killing in Webster County.
[Madisonville Times of the 7th inst.]

The people of Webster county have been well supplied with horrors the past few days. At Dixon, last Saturday, a young man named Baker, shot and mortally wounded another young man named Wiseman Curlee. There had been an old grudge between the parties. They met at Dixon Saturday, and Baker renewed the trouble, and ended by shooting Curlee three times. One ball entered Curlee's left breast, one in his left thigh and one grazed his forehead. Immediately after doing his deadly work, Baker, and a party of friends who were with him mounted their horses and fled. Curlee's wound in the breast was thought to be fatal.

At the same place, on the same day, a couple of horses in a wagon ran off, throwing the occupants, four women, out. One of them, a Mrs. Brogden, formerly a Miss Fuqua, is so badly hurt that it is thought she will die. The other women were all more or less bruised or injured, but not seriously.

At a church in the southwestern part of the county, last Saturday, a gentleman whose name we could not learn was accidentally shot and killed by his own son. The son had gone to church with a revolver in his pocket, taking a seat in front of his father, with the muzzle of the pistol pointing upward. In moving in his seat the weapon was discharged, sending the bullet into the forehead of his father, just between the eyes, killing him instantly. A scene of wild commotion and intense excitement followed. The young man, whose cowardly habit of carrying a pistol has resulted in the death of his own father, was almost frantic. The sensible thing for him to have done would have been to have emptied the remaining bullets into his own small brains, and rid the world of one more fool. He deserves no sympathy, and should be punished to the full extent of the law. He is a murderer, though unintentionally, of his own father, but if he had not have been the victim somebody else probably would have been, as the carrying of a concealed weapon is strong presumptive evidence that he wanted to use it on somebody. His horrible deed should be a warning to other silly-pated young fellows who think it is smart and manly to carry a pistol, when it is both cowardly and contemptible.

Old Fogies.

Old fogies may not believe science is advancing but if there are such things as "new fogies" they are numerous as many testimonials have been received from persons who have been cured of Chills and Fever with Certain Chill Cure after all remedies failed. Warranted by Lockert & Reynolds. Sept-3-4t

A Silly Girl's Infatuation.

Mattie Moore, a seventeen-year-old white girl from Mayfield, was apprehended at Paducah, last Wednesday, in an attempt to elope with a mulatto. They had arranged to meet there on Monday, but the girl could not then elude her parents. She was caught before meeting her saddle-colored enslaver, and has returned to Mayfield. She and a negro eloped a year ago, but were captured, since which she has been kept under close surveillance. A big sensation was created at the time. Her parents are respectable people and much grieved over the girl's waywardness. The darky only escaped being lynched by the advice of cooler heads, and, since no legal charge could be brought against him, he was released. —Henderson News.

Useful and Hurtful Medicines.

There is a certain class of remedies for constipation absolutely useless. These are boluses and potions made in great part of podophyllin, aloes, rhubarb, gamboge, and other worthless ingredients. The damage they do to the stomachs of those who use them is incalculable. They evacuate the bowels, it is true, but always do so violently and profusely, and besides, gripe the bowels. Their effect is to weaken both them and the stomach. Better far to use the agreeable and salutary aperient, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the laxative effect of which is never preceded by pain, or accompanied by a convulsive, violent action of the bowels. On the contrary, it invigorates those organs, the stomach and the entire system. As a means of curing and preventing malarial fevers, no medicine can compare with it, and it remedies nervous debility, rheumatism, kidney and bladder inactivity, and other inorganic ailments. 4t

CHARLIE RITTER, who has been sojourning for several months at Idaho Springs, near Clarksville, returned home on Monday, and is now in almost perfect health. His recovery, which we are glad to note, has been wonderful and rapid under the healing influence of the delightful waters at Idaho. —Paris Tribune.

JAMES PEYTON, while boring a well near Gallatin, on last Tuesday, struck natural gas. So strong was the flow that Mr. Peyton struck a match and threw it down in the well. The flame came up several feet high, burning Mr. Peyton quite badly. His mustache was burned off. —Milan Exchange.

ANOTHER Democrat bolted. Hon. P. T. Glass, of the ninth Congressional District, is out in a letter declaring in favor of the amendment. —Milan Exchange.

A Thing It Will Do, and Other Things It Will Do.

Bollivar Bulletin.

Some respectable journals claim that the repeal of the Federal tax on whiskey and tobacco would abolish the surplus in the treasury. The claim is well taken. They are correct. But there are other things this repeal would do.

The repeal of the internal-revenue by a Democratic Congress would show to the people a complete surrender of that long advocated doctrine to lay the burdens of taxation on luxuries and indulgences, and exempt the necessities of life.

If the whiskey tax was prorated among the people it would be too small to be noticed. The repeal of that tax would not be the removal of a burden from the masses. It would simply relieve the whiskey manufacturer of taxation. This would be outrageously wrong; because the whiskey-makers are comparatively but a small part of population, and are engaged in a big money-making business. But how is it with the useful articles of life—those used by every man, woman and child in the land. Why, these internal-revenue abolishment want the tax to remain on them. They want you to have cheap whiskey, and pay a tax of 24 cents on every pound of sugar you buy—cheap whiskey, and a tax of 12 cents a hundred on your salt—cheap whiskey, and 24 cents tax on every pound of rice—cheap whiskey, and 67 cents on every dollar's worth of woolen clothing you buy—cheap whiskey, and 55 per cent tax on your earthen and china ware—cheap whiskey, and from 61 to 100 per cent, on every dollar's worth of glass for your windows—cheap whiskey, and 37 per cent, on all your iron and steel tools—all this tax must be paid by the consumers. These papers know this. Yet, they are so earnest in their efforts to aid the Republican party in building up manufacturers, monopolies, and corporations that they want the whiskey and tobacco tax off in order that the people may be forced to keep up the war tariff.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at Owen & Moore's Drug Store.

The Largest Gorilla Yet.

New York Sun.

Boston has just received from Africa the largest gorilla ever landed in this country. His name is Jack, and he is five feet in height when standing erect and measures seven feet from the end of one outstretched hand to the other. He weighs about 135 pounds, and exhibits enormous strength, compared with which that of man seems like a child's. He arrived in a large box made of planking two and a half inches thick, and when being removed from the ship he tore large splinters from the hard wood planks with as much ease as a child would break a twig. The hair, which is very coarse and from two to four inches in length, is of a greenish gray color and on the back, legs and arms inclines to a black. His shoulders are immense. The expression of the face, which is black, scowling. The eyes are small, sunken in the head, and the lips large and thin.

Williams-Boone.

Paris Post Intelligenceur.

At the Baptist church at Elkton, Ky., last Wednesday evening, Mr. Jno. N. Williams, of this city, was united in marriage to Miss M. Lula Boone, of Elkton, Rev. A. U. Boone, officiating.

The bride is one of Kentucky's fairest belles, and is a daughter of Mr. H. T. Boone. She visited our city some years ago and while here made many warm friends and captured the heart of our John.

The groom is one of our most popular commercial men and is now connected with the extensive shoe firm of Warren & Co., Louisville, Ky.

The happy pair will, we learn, locate in Paris and will arrive here in about three weeks and take rooms at the Carter House.

They have the best wishes of the Post Intelligenceur and a large number of friends for their happiness.

BUFFALO has a woman contractor. Her name is Mrs. A. M. Holloway, and she has just secured the contract for cleaning the streets of that city for five years by a bid of \$147,000.—Ez.

This Buffalo woman has stepped out of her sphere and invaded the domain of masculine employment. If it had been to darn the socks and half-sole the pants of the soldiers, now, it would have been something like. We think we see the fair contractor spade in hand, removing the debris, old quids, cigar stumps and banana peels.

At Dealville, twenty-five miles from Montgomery, Ala., on the 11th, a negro woman left her five children locked up in a cabin and went to church. Before she returned home the house caught fire and burned down with the children in it, roasting them to death.

CURED BY FAITH.

Remarkable Instance in the Case of a Minister's Wife at Chattanooga.

[Tallahassee Guardian.]

CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 4.—A most remarkable case of faith-cure took place here last night. Mrs. W. S. Jordan, wife of a well known minister of this city, has been confined to her bed for a year and a half. She was suffering from heart disease and a complication of troubles. Yesterday an emissary of Christian science of Boston arrived in this city, and a service of prayer was held at the bedside of the sick woman last night. The service lasted two hours, when, to the astonishment of all present, Mrs. Jordan arose from her bed unaided, dressed herself and started out in the street. She walked ten squares before returning home. This morning she arose from her bed, and, after partaking of a hearty breakfast, went to church for the first time in two years. When she entered the church her most intimate friends could not believe their own eyes when they saw her. The affair has created a sensation in the city. Her husband is wild with delight, and says there is no use questioning the faith-cure in the future.

Saved Her Life.

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years badly afflicted with Pythias, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from the first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured, and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Owen & Moore.

An Infant Oyster at That.

Pat Pope has an oyster shell in his shanty that measures 8 1/2 inches in length and 3 1/2 inches in breadth. Talk about Saddle Rock! Apalachicola can take the linen from any of them! The oyster that came from this shell was as large as the ordinary size hand of an adult.—Apalachicola Times.

While we freely admit that Apalachicola has a well-merited reputation for the superior excellence, both in size and flavor, of her oysters, she must do a little better than the above, if she retains that "linen." There is an oyster shell in the Advance-Gazette office which measures nine and one-half inches in length, and three and one-half inches in width, and the oyster, after being taken from the shell measured seven inches in length, three inches in width and was two and one-half inches thick—the aforesaid oyster grew in Escambia Bay, and was eaten by ye editor of the A.-G., last December. Your Pope will have to get up a better Pat-e.—Frank Phillips in the Advance Gazette, Pensacola, Fla.

Cancer for Five Years.

The interests of humanity seem to demand the publication of the following facts: Two months ago my attention was called to the case of a poor woman who was said to be afflicted with a cancer. I found her with an ulcer on her shoulder at least five inches in circumference, angry, painful, and giving the patient no rest day or night for six months. I obtained a supply of Swift's Specific, which I persuaded her to try. She has taken five bottles, the result of which is that the ulcer is entirely healed up, nothing remaining but a small scar not larger than one's finger nail, and her general health is better than for five years past. She seems to be perfectly cured. I consider its effects wonderful—almost miraculous.

REV. JESSE H. CAMPBELL,
Columbus, Ga.

Poisoned with Potash and Mercury
Is the tale of a large percentage of sick people in the world—such a large number, in fact, that it is hard to tell whether there are not as many victims to this mineral poisoning as to diseases of the blood and skin.

"I took potash," said one, "and while it partially dried up the eruption temporarily, it came near drying up my vitality for all time. It drove the disease in my system, only to break out again on some other part of my body."

To such sufferers Swift's Specific is the remedy which is worth more than all the world besides. It drives out the poison of blood taint, eliminates this mineral poison, and builds up the general health.

Be sure to get the genuine, and send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, free. The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

EXTRAORDINARY but nevertheless true. We refer to the announcement of B. F. Johnson, & Co., of Richmond, in which they propose to show working and energetic men how to make from \$100 to \$300 a month over and above expenses.

Mrs. BETTIE BLAKEMORE, wife of our worthy sheriff, left last Friday for Idaho Springs, where she will remain several weeks. Mrs. Blakemore has been a sufferer from indigestion for some time, but we hope she will find relief in these health producing waters. —Paris Tribune.

HAILLO! You fellows down Cumberland river. How is the water down there? The river has dwindled almost down to a spring branch, and is about to go dry up here.

A Polite New York Bank Cashier.

A dispatch was received that ticket No. 50,255 had drawn the \$150,000 prize in the August drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, on the 9th inst., at New Orleans, and that one-tenth of the ticket, representing \$5,000 to the lucky holder, had been collected through the National Park Bank of this city. A News reporter asked Assistant Cashier De Baun and he had the books examined and replied that the tenth part of ticket 50,255, which drew the \$150,000, had been received by them from Crane's Bank at Hornellsville, N. Y.—New York Daily News, Aug. 30.

Business.

It is complained by the "protected" manufacturing interests of the country that to revise the present gigantic bonanza, the war tariff, will disturb commerce and ruin the "business" of the country. To revel in luxury and clip the coupons from non-taxable six per cent government bonds (a debt upon the taxpayers by the by) wrung by the imposition of an average duty of nearly one-half of their value upon the necessities of life, from the tolling millions of laborers in this country, to drink free liquor, and smoke cigars manufactured from free tobacco, seems to be the modern Republican idea of "business." This is "business" with a vengeance!

Devices of Advertisers.

So many devices are resorted to by advertisers, that the ordinary reader sometimes become shy of the tempting paragraph, fearing that the device that is concealed in it is like a pill in jelly. Who, for instance, on beginning this item, would have supposed that its purpose was to make known the truth that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is what it claims to be—a cure for a disease at once loathsome to friends, and annoying and even dangerous to the sufferer.

A DRUNKEN man calling himself Newton Gilmore, drew his pistol and commenced "running amok" the other day at Gilmore station. He attacked J. F. Porter, depot agent, who bagged him pretty quick. The jury of inquest exonerated Porter. The fellow's real name was D. Priest.

The Old Roman Gone At Last.

Ex-Gov. Luke P. Blackburn, of Kentucky, breathed his last at his residence in South Frankfort, Ky., at 2:15 p. m., September 14, after a long and painful illness. All Kentucky mourns for a great and good man who has passed away to his reward. And her sister States unite in a feeling of sadness as they condole with her over the loss of one of her favorite sons. Noble, honest, upright, generous, brave and magnanimous, how trifling now seem his foibles in contrast with his splendid virtues.

Henry M. Stanley.

Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, has been reported dead at least twenty times, but like the cat with nine lives, he won't stay dead. He has popped up again, not dead this time but alive and well. He was heard from on the 18th of July last. The fellow that keeps starting those reports that Stanley is dead ought to be squelched. If he is in Africa, or over goes to Africa, we hope the cannibal negroes will "hot-pot" and eat him.

The Way They Do Things in Nashville.

Nashville is excited over the building of the proposed Midland railroad. Last evening Judge John Lawrence, J. C. Napier and Henderson Young (colored) went in the South district to make speeches against the road, taking along several kegs of beer. When they went upon the stand a shower of ancient eggs greeted them and they fled. The crowd then took charge of the meeting, drank the beer belonging to the other fellows and concluded with a grand Midland demonstration. —Courier-Journal.

Too Fast For Him.

German tailor named Gustav Schlinka got tired of his pretty little wife, Ida Schlinka, at Berlin, Germany, and tried to Schlinka by embarking on the steamer Polynesia bound for New York. But Ida Schlinka did not Schlinka worth a cent, so she boarded the Hamonia, which is a much faster steamer than the Polynesia, and passed the recalcitrant Gustav in mid ocean beating him by several hours to New York. When he arrived she was lying in wait for him at the ticket office, and capturing him led him off captive, after relieving a renewal on his bended knees of his allegiance. The public authorities claimed the right to have something to say in the matter, and Gustav was required to give security, which he did, that he would not attempt to Schlinka again, and then they were permitted to go and live together as man and wife. Gustav has learned a lesson that he will not be apt soon to forget.

SUGAR has been, after many trials made by the new process of infusion of Sorghum cane, in Kansas, and the experiment is a decided success. This successful solution of the question will probably revolutionize the sugar market, and save several million dollars to the people. In the new process no sugar mill is required. The cane is cut in small chips, and saccharine matter is extracted more effectively and thoroughly without this expense, by simply subjecting it to the action of hot water. The children of Kansas are jubilant over the complete success of the experiment.